

*The Tragidie*

A signe of dignity, a garish flagge,  
To bee the aime of every dangerous shot,  
A Queene in leaft, onely to fill the feane:  
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?  
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?  
Who fues to me and cries God faue the Queene?  
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?  
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee  
Decline all this and fee what now thou art,  
For happy wife, almost distressed widdow:  
For ioyfull mother one that wailes the name:  
For Queene, a uery Catife crown'd with care:  
For one being fued too, one that humble fues:  
For one comandning all, obeyed of none:  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me.  
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,  
And left me but a very prey to time,  
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:  
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not  
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?  
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,  
From which, euen heere, I slip my wearied necke,  
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:  
Farewell *Yorke's* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,  
These English woes will make me smile in France.  
*Qu.* O thou well skild in curses stay a while,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.  
*Qu. Mar.* Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,  
Compare deaths happinesse with liuing woe,  
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,  
And he that slew them fowler then he is:  
Battering thy losse make the bad causer worse,  
Revoluing this will teach thee how to curse.  
*Qu.* My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,  
*Qu. M.* Thy woes will make them sharp & pierce like mine.  
*Dur.* Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*  
*Qu.* Windie attunies to your clients woes,  
A fiery succeders of intestine ioyes,

*of Richard the*

Poore breathing orators of miserie  
Let them haue scope, though what  
Helpe not all, yet not doe they easie  
*Dur.* If so, then be not tongue-tide  
And in the breath of bitter words, let  
My damned sonne, which thy roo  
I heare his drum, be copious in exco

*Enter King Richard marching  
and trumpets.*

*King.* Who intercepts my expected

*Dur.* A she, that might haue inter  
By strangling thee in her accursed w  
From all the slaughters wretch, that

*Qu.* Had'st thou that forehead w  
Where should be grauen, if that rig  
The slaughter of the Poince that ov  
And the dire death of my two sonne  
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where an

*Dur.* Thou tode, thou tode, where  
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne

*Qu.* Where is kind *Hastings*, *Riuer*

*King.* A flourish trumpets, strike a  
Let not the heauens heare these tell-  
Raile on the Lord anointed. Strike I  
Either be patient and intreat me faire  
Or with the clamorous reports of w  
Thus will I drowne your exclamatio

*Dur.* art thou my sonne?

*King.* I, I thanke God, my Father a

*Dur.* Then patiently heare my impa

*King.* Madam I haue a touch of you  
Which cannot brooke the accent of r

*Dur.* I will be milde and gentle in m

*King.* and brieft good mother for I

*Dur.* art thou so hastie I haue staid fo  
God knowes in anguish, paine and ag

*King.* and came I not at last to com

*Dur.* No by the holy roode thou kno  
Thou camst on earth, to make the ear